

RIVERNON



THIS ISSUE

- attendance gestapo
- Spike & moe's advice
to the lovelorn
- several other silly things

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that Esnesno N can be hazardous to your mental health. If you think any of this stuff is funny then it is too late. See inside for details.

ESNESNON

Greeley's only intentional humor Magazine



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Look inside, twit

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Teacher Adviser
Mr. Barlow

**Nice Guy who let us
use his office**
Mr. Fasanella

DISCLAIMER:

Esnesnon magazine is published as often as possible to bring light-hearted humor to the Greeley populace. All relation to real persons and events without satiric purpose is purely coincidental. The opinions expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the Greeley Administration. We did our best. Don't be cruel.

Dear Spike and Moe: Advice From the Heart

Dear S&M:

My boyfriend has become unusually tense due to the recent increase of natural disasters throughout our pleasant continent. He has become alarmingly distant in our relationship. What is an all-American yet refreshingly liberal girl to do?

Sincerely,
An all-American, yet refreshingly
liberal girl

Dear Nutso:

Our advice to you goes as such: Cover your bare body in Streitzman's Liverwurst and fresh Nova Scotia salmon (smoked, of course), and distribute several packs of "thunderbombs" throughout your torso area. For the correct musical ambiance, crank up Whitesnake's "Slip It In". For the irresistible topper, yell "Geronimo!!!!" while prancing about an ignited Baby Watson cheese cake. It's sure to make a night you'll never forget.

Dear S&M:

I've been seeing this lecherous floozy for a month now. I've just plumb run out of ideas of where to bring her. The Rotary club picnic is just not her idea of a hopping time. Where do I bring my honey muffin, my soulmate, my main squeeze, my one and only when I'm lonely, my somethingtodoonasaturdaynightcuztheresnothingelse todo gal? How do I make that special night happen? The proverbial "dream date"?

From,

A guy who just plain doesn't
know what to do, named Syd

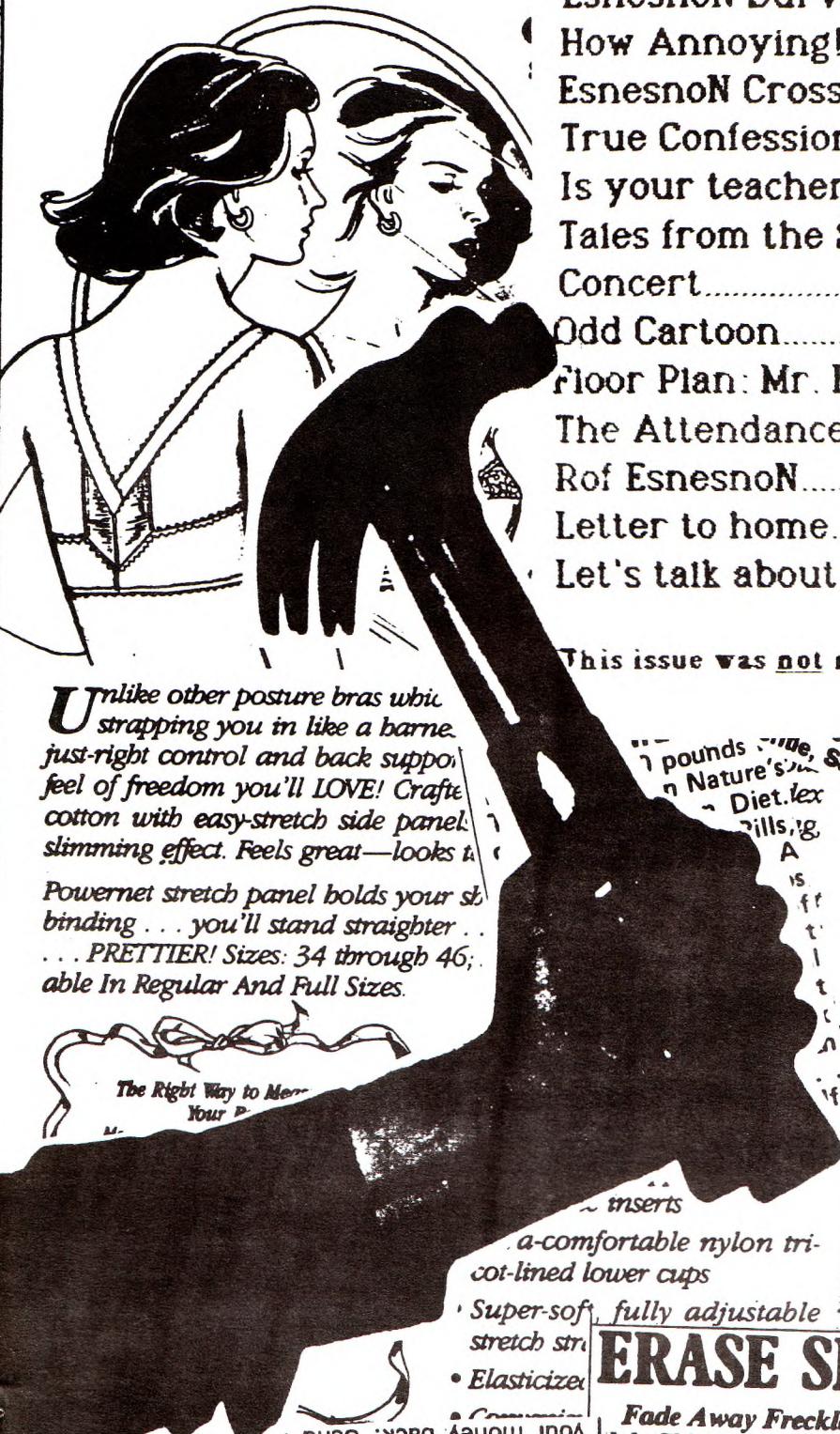
Hola Monsuier!

We been thinkin' long and hard bout dis one, and we've come up with a beaut. Have tootsie down to the Valhalla train station. Go early 'cause the good places are taken pretty quick. A lovely time can be had watching the area's wildlife trying to cross the third rail and subsequently getting juiced up with 700 volts of electricity. How romantic! Just imagine cooing your babe while off in the distance, furry little critters fry on top of highly charged sections of rail. Good luck with your dame on this picturesue love fest!

Friends: Spike and Moe need YOUR letters. Send them to EsnesnoN's mailbox in the main office. You'll be glad you did.

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ERASE SKIN BLOTCHES

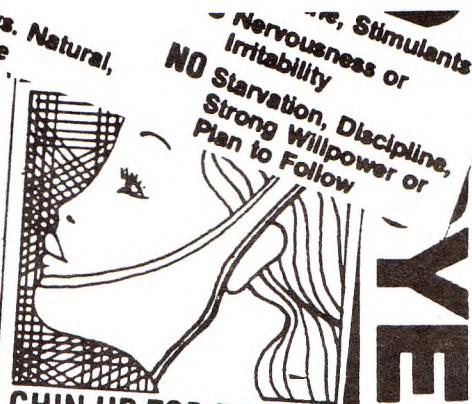
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This issue was not made using recycled paper, and in no way were
dwarves employed.)



CHIN UP FOR BEAUTY

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SS YOUR FAT

EsnesnoN Survey Results

BY John Rescigno

Well the results of the first EsnesnoN survey are in, and they are as twisted as we expected. Firstly, 90% of those polled wanted a humor magazine, and of that 90%, a whopping 45% wanted "good, funny humor". It is fortunate that we asked what kind of humor people wanted, as we were planning on just having "bad, serious humor". Some other things that people wanted were: cartoons, nun jokes, satire, slander, an audio track of Mr. Barlow, puns (what on earth would possess someone to desire puns?), and someone wanted Blitterflabbit's eep eeps.

The next question read "What is your current source of humor at Greeley?" 31% said friends, 25% didn't know. I find that curious, does this mean that 25% of the student body go around laughing at random things? Scary. Others said lunch, freshman, the school in general, the humor fountain (probably located in I building), someone put "surveys". I am glad we have already entertained you. Mr. Barlow was a popular response, as were cut slips (not unreasonably), and one fool put "the three studges". What on Earth is a "studge" is what I want to know. Someone found his relationship with his parents funny. He probably finds his relationship with his hand funny, too.

The last question was "Who is Gary Lanza?". Well, I can assure you that he is the A.V. man and the soda man. He is not, however, an Idiot (not really, anyway), grandpa, a Martian, any type of president, a clown, a comedian (of that, I can assure you), your mama (please, no maternity suits), a cartoonist (that's Gary Larson, fool), he is not the Messiah, any type of iguana, as man of honor (well, sort of), Judge Bork's twin brother, Madonna's father, nor is he the first A.I.D.S. patient, Doug Rohde.

Actually, I thought that he was either a venereal disease or a new soft drink.

Coming soon: EsnesnoN survey #2..... The Wrath of school pizza indigestion!

How Annoying!

"You've got a lot of nerve," I thought to myself, "Thinking to yourself instead of doing something productive!"

I immediately woke up and turned my attention to the rock. It was still there, basking in its temporary victory. All of my attempts had failed, and I was still confused as to why he kept saying "Dweeb".

I asked him why. He didn't respond, because he was a rock.

Actually, mineral deposits have always been a bother to me. They always got the girl, always won the prize, always killed the teacher first. I was a victim of my own harsh circumstances and there was little that I was in the mood to fix. Actually, I remember the many times that I WAS in the mood to fix those irritating little problems that are always in the way, and of course, I opted for a quick swim in the neighbor's pool, even though he himself might have preferred I take my clothes off. I like my clothes though - they're blue mostly.

The rock still wasn't speaking.

"Damn you!" I whispered. "Are you destined to plague me with your infernal muteness, or are you going to come off your high horse and speak to me like a good girl, or do I have to compound you into some sort of talcum?"

Incredibly, the rock seemed to avoid the conversation completely, and it was particularly harrowing to notice that it had borrowed my best silverware.

"Look, I'm a reasonable dude. Please do NOT force me to resort to undiplomatic measures. I'm not in the mood to deal with you in the mineral sense, much less the metaphysical. GET A LIFE!"

"Shut up." Said the rock. "I'm a mineral individual, and I'm secretly a sort of pleased minority, so begone."

I woke up to see Sharon again. And she wasn't happy.



Artworks:

Alex Weissman

Story:

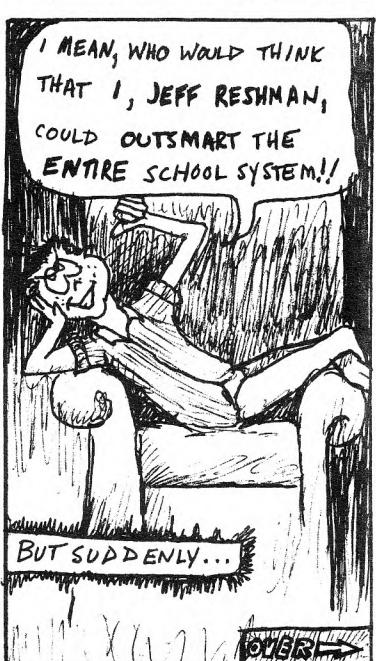
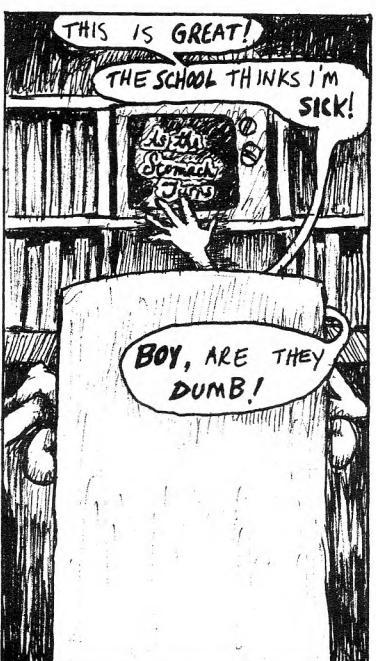
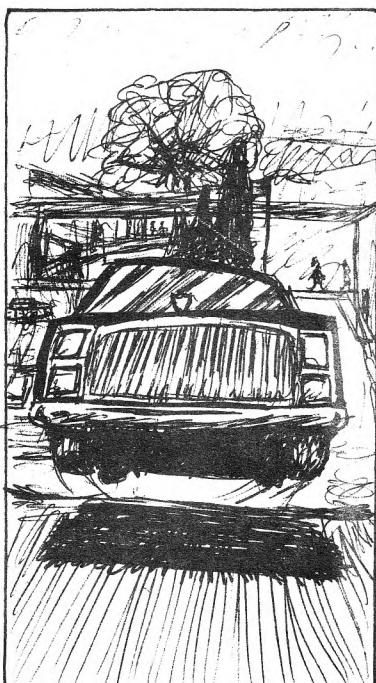
Alex Weissman

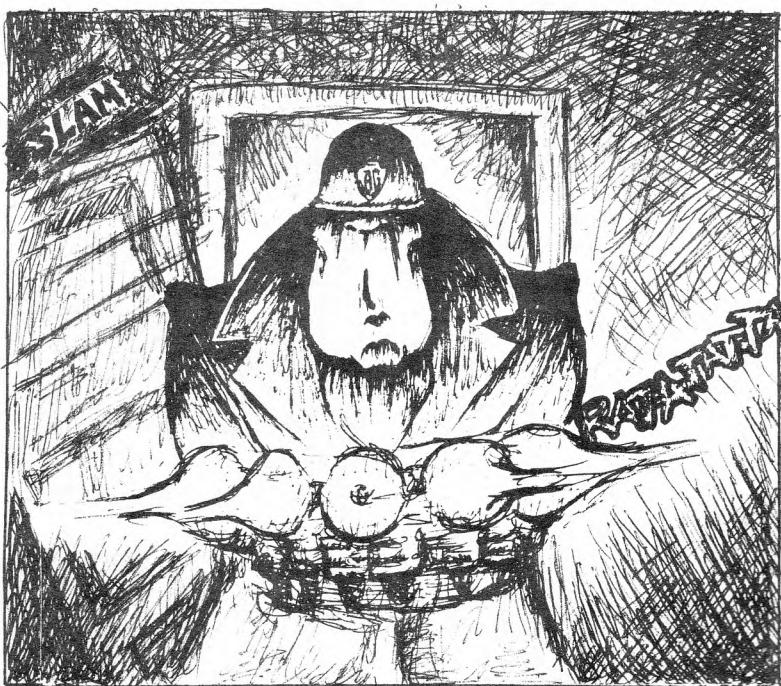
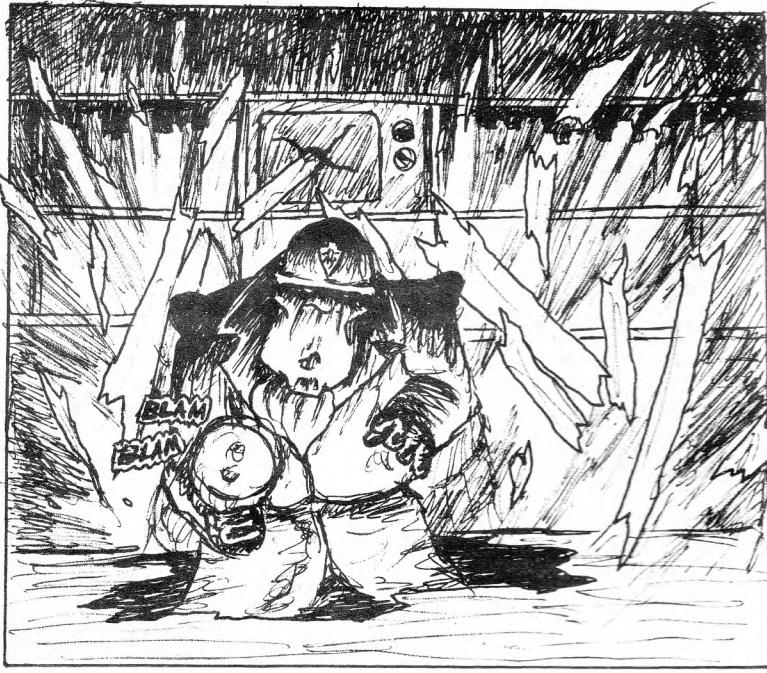
Concept:

Jason Sadofsky

Personal Disclaimer

This cartoon is intended to be humorous. The images and ideas in it are by no means to be interpreted in a discriminatory way. No offense is intended. Don't hate me for it. I did my best. Don't be cruel.





The Attendance Gestapo !!



NET
ISSUE #2

Medical Alert:

Is Your Teacher Confused?

You're sitting in your classroom, listening half-heartedly to the teacher discussing their chosen subject, when suddenly they pause and look out the window, or study the lighting for a few seconds. Then, as quickly as they stopped, they continue speaking as if nothing had happened.

What you witnessed was a Grade-A example of TEACHER CONFUSION. This malady strikes one and all, whether a newly-added rookie or as old as the halls of Horace Greeley themselves.

To determine if your teacher is confused, ask yourself the following questions:

Laurelis Confusum

Does your teacher do the following things semi-frequently:

Call you Steven even though your name has been John as long as you can remember?

Complain about the cold, and set things on fire?

Refer to Thomas Jefferson as a "Hip Dude"?

Request that the students copy down what's on the board, when he/she asked that the board be erased at the beginning of class?

Read a newspaper as you shuffle into the beginning of the mod and continue to read until the end of class?

Ignore your raised hand and continue with an explanation of quantum physics even though you're in a Biology course?

If these and other symptoms persist, you have a confused teacher. Notify your local pest control or laugh heartily about how you've now got extra time to finish your homework.



TALES FROM THE SPINE

By Dan Federman

Shave

Willard was a young man, slight of build and full of heart. He liked to kiss other men...he liked to kiss children... no, no, NO! My god, we live in a society where almost everything is a taboo! Why don't we all hang loose....

"Be careful, Willard," said the heavy man with broad shoulders and gray hair. He was Sid, Willard's uncle, most obviously drugged.

"Don't worry, Sid! I'll make you all better! I just have to get rid of this fat," replied Willard to his slightly anxious patient. He took out a sabre, probably of Japanese craftsmanship, and started sawing away at his uncle lying atop the kitchen table.

Sheaths of thick yellow fat and skin fell to the floor. Unfortunately, so did much of Sid's internals.

"Gosh! And I thought this new book would help!" Willard said to himself. He threw back the paperback from its resting place near the now quite dead Sid. The book hit the wall and its spine broke apart, spewing yellowing pages all over the linoleum floor. The cover fell beneath the table. "Quick Home Weight-Loss" it read., Willard kicked it away, then stooped and picked up some intestines. He was getting hungry, so he absently chewed off a piece, savouring the wet texture.

Daphne, Willard's slave, walked in from the living room. She was small and thin for a seven-year-old.

"Jeez, Will!" she said, "What is this, the fifteenth time? I thought you weren't going to try this stuff anymore!" She bent to pick up a stray lung.

Willard kicked her in the face, breaking her leg. She started crying, so he raised the bloody sabre, which had been in his hand this whole time, and with a mighty swing chopped off her arms at the elbows.

"Next time," he told her, "you won't complain so much."

AND A HAIRCUT

Vince was pretty damn proud of his job. His great-grandfather had been a drug dealer, his grandfather had been a drug dealer, his father had been a drug dealer, and now Vince was a barber. And a drug dealer in his spare time. But don't you fret. Vince didn't destroy any careers with his dealing. He sold only to elementary school children.

One day, around three o' clock, a nearly bald man walked into Vince's barber shop. Vince, of course, thought that since this man was almost bald, he had come for some nose candy. Vince was about to send him on his way when the man sat down in Vince's chair, ready for a cut.

When Vince was about halfway through the haircut, he suddenly realized that his patron had died. "Darn, not another one," thought Vince. The guy might have died of a heart attack, but Vince thought the death more likely due to a slip of the scissors; they had just plunged through the guy's skull.

Now, don't get him wrong, Vince was usually a good enough barber. It's just that with the stresses of his daily life, he sometimes made a few mistakes. But don't you fret. The deaths were pretty quick, if incredibly agonizing.

Vince figured he had to dispose of the body somehow. If he reported the body to the police, and the coroner pointed out the cause of death, Vince's reputation was down the drain. He was just about to carry the body into the vat of acid he always kept handy in the back room, when it struck Vince that he might have some fun with this stiff. So he took down his little sideburn shaver, turned it on, and did something that until then he had only dreamed of. Vince started cutting off the dead guy's scalp.

The job turned out to be messier than he had bargained for, but it wasn't anything a little Lysol wouldn't take care of. And besides, it left Vince **really** satisfied. So satisfied, in fact, that Vince started seriously considering doing it again. Maybe to one of his drug-taking elementary school "Customers". Who knows?



CONCERT

Last monday I went to a concert. Man, what a time I had. We had seats on the floor, about 30 rows back, so the stage wasn't that far away and in general the seats were excellent; that is, until the concert started.

The first person to come out on the stage received cheers from all parts of the audience. This obvious God said the magic words: "Testing, one, two, testing." -This didn't stop the crowd from applauding, and I started to get an idea of just how intelligent this crowd was.

Finally the lights went down, the crowd freaked out again, and the opening act came out. They started to play and I could tell that the crowd hated them simply because they were all screaming terrible things at them. The crowd wanted to murder this poor human being and his backup band simply because he made the mistake of trying to entertain us. This crowd was not only stupid-they were vicious.

Eventually they left the stage, and after a few minutes the star act came out. The crowd freaked out again -even more so than they did for the sound man, and the concert was in full swing. The band started to play, and it's a shame because I have no idea what songs they played as the crowd refused to stop screaming. I have reasoned that people do not go to concerts to hear the music, but to prevent others from hearing the music. This realization firmly established, I turned my attention to the people behind me. Two ordinary girls were trying to be louder than the band by screaming at the top of their lungs.

These two were obviously practiced screamers, as they did not stop once through the concert. I turned back to the stage, only to find a rather obtrusive head in front of me. This head kept moving to the left or right every fifteen seconds or so, the reason being that the head in front of **him** would be getting in the way. So he would move his head one way, I would move mine the other, only to encounter the head that he was trying to avoid. Whoa. I turned to see that about 8 rows of people behind me were doing the same thing.

As I turned again, I noticed that the screamers were showing off a special skill that they had learned somewhere. They were screaming the lyrics that the singer was singing, except that they were about a half step higher than he was. It was quite an interesting harmony - try it sometime.

About halfway through the show, the drummer had a drum solo (Which is fortunate since a guitar solo by him would have been terrible, as he doesn't play the guitar.) and naturally, the whole crowd had to help him.

I threw myself onto the floor as 32,000 arms holding air drum sticks beat the hell out of millions of air drums. All of these maniacs were making drum noises, although some had stranger drums than others. The person in front of me had a drum that sounded like "baawaaki".

After the drum solo, the rest of the band came out to wrap up the show in a spectacular way. They had lasers and all sorts of effects going on. The light show was the best, though -- they would reward their fans' loyalty by blinding them every 12th second with 200 floodlights.

The show ended, they came out for the encore, they played the encore, the screamers (of course) were still screaming, the drummers were still drumming, and all of our heads were moving left to right to left to right to left to right. What a show.

We were herded out like drugged-up cattle. I took about 25 minutes finding my car (luckily, I remembered it was parked next to a blue one) and 3 days getting onto the highway to go home.

I can't wait - next Friday I'm going to another concert. I have to practice up on my screaming, though. JR



27. Write major scales with 6 sharps and with 7 sharps (treble clef).

What a bunny world see if
it took

LSD



True Confessions:

Life is defined by the way a person perceives it. Meet one man's perception of his own experience.

I got up this morning...I can't believe I got up. I rolled out of bed, and was knocked unconscious on the floor. Six minutes later I woke up with a mouth full of shag carpet. After I spat out the rug all over my "Charlie Brown and Friends" sheets, I proceeded toward the turd room.

When I got there, I turned on the shower, and didn't get out until twenty minutes later. I dried myself off with my towel (Which pigmented my skin blue). I went back to my room, and made my bed, which seemed to be screaming "Come back! Come back!"

Well, I went downstairs to digest a quick breakfast. I poured the cereal, and there were hundreds of little naked Nancy Reagans squirming in my bowl chanting "Papa Smurf, Papa Smurf, we found Smurfette freebasing in one of the mushroom huts."

I went into our mud room to get my shoes. Inside my shoes there were thousands of Geraldo Riveras dressed in nun suits, doing the waltz. What a nightmare. I put them on and went to get my jacket. Out of nowhere, I was pummeled to the ground by a midget Valerie Harper, who was screaming "I want more money, more MONEY!"

When I regained my consciousness, I was at the hospital, the St. Regis. Oh, NO! It's can't be! Yes it is! It's televisions' worst doctors Bill Cosby, Alan Alda, and oh, NO! Alan Thicke!

I started to run down the hall, away from them, and they ran after me with, OH GOD Neilson rating sheets clutched in their hands like meat cleavers. I ran by the security guards (Ponce and Chip, of course) and I ran to the nearest bar. Oh, no, it's the Horny-TwosomeTM Sam and Diane. I quickly ran across the street, into an apartment building. I got to a phone, dialed 911, and out of nowhere, thousands of Gary Colemans and "Websters" cam running towards me like blood-wrenching pit-bulls.

After I regained consciousness (again), I found myself in a room, strapped in a chair, with hundreds of TV sets, OH NO! NOT THAT, IT'S THE LOST EPISODES OF THE BRADY BUNCH! With an instant flash, I found myself in Lower L. To my surprise, around the corner came Dr. Ruth, dressed in a leather bikini, with whips and chains, riding one vicious "Toto" towards me. She was nastily singing the Yiddish version of "I Want Your Sex". I then realized what she was up to, and I ran like Hades.

OH NO! It's the PRINCIPALS FROM HELL! Ed Hart and Larry Breen ripping apart sea vegetative mammals for informative lectures and towing with round circular objects to foolishly plaster their faces. OH GOD, here comes the Martina Navratolova Fan Club (Alias the ADVOCATE BOARD OF EDITORS) ...

I realized where I was. I was on "The Planet of Unsuccessful Coffee House Bands and Spaced out Teachers' Aides". This was worse than Spam's 100th anniversary! I walked around this weird planet, looking at its strange inhabitants. At this point, I was confronted by Lisa Bonet. And that same thought kept occurring to me. "Mom always said don't play ball in the house..." I then woke up, sitting in front of the boob-tube, eating mayonnaise and nectarine sandwiches, watching "Christopher Close-Up."

- Chris Grant
Unicorn Mucus, AZ

Deja Vu...that strange, inexplicable sensation like you feel you've been somewhere before.

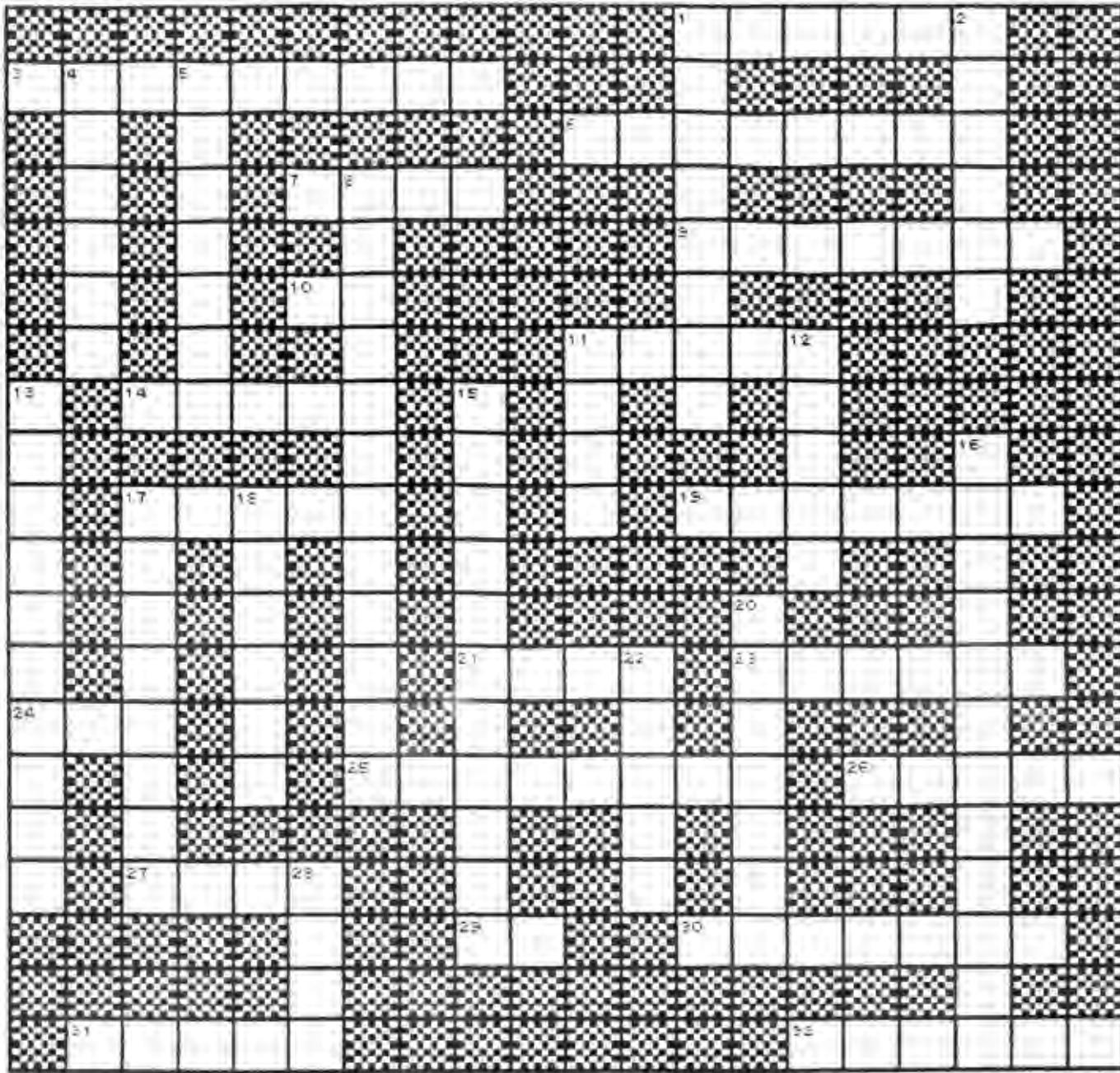
CONSIDER

YOURSELF

WARNED

!!





ACROSS

1. Death cry of cheerleaders
3. Synonym for "Profile"
6. "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for _____."
7. The opposite of "Greeley Candy Store."
8. There is no 8
9. Large Freezer
10. Opposite of "Chess"
11. Dogs are not _____
14. Lack of life causes _____
17. Makes a lousy frisbee
19. There are no two _____
21. Sound a teacher makes when reading an Esmezon article
23. Opposite of Tie
24. Easy Family activity
25. Humour publication at Greeley
26. "To be or not to be; that is the _____."
27. Required at G.O. meetings
29. Opposite of pleasure

30. Mike said "_____."

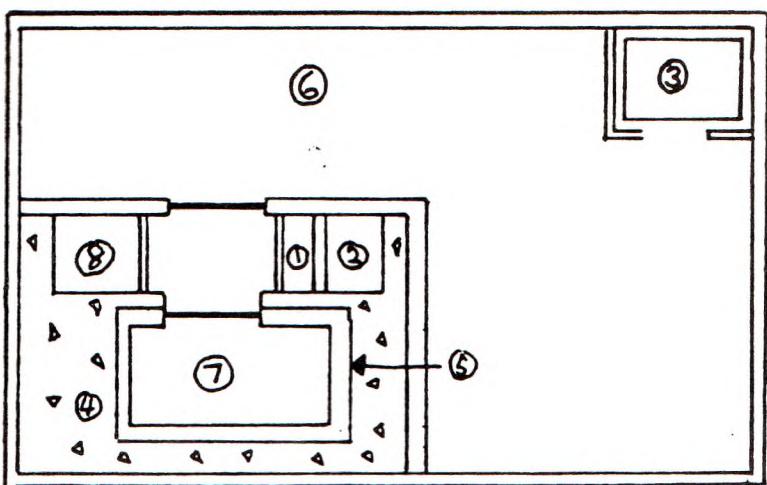
31. 8+3

Not Across

1. Name of this humour magazine
2. Word we put in that fit
4. Same as #2
5. Large, lumbering animal of slow thinking capacity
8. What is a "Bobde"?
11. This is rarely blue
12. Number
13. Synonym for "Advocate"
15. You deserve _____ at McDonalds.
16. Optional component in school newspaper articles
17. Next G.O. President
18. Name of school mascot
20. Optional class
22. "It doesn't matter whether you win or _____."
28. We already said this one!

Floor Plan: Mr. Breen's Bedroom

All measurements based on arbitrary scale (rulers were lost in the home office)



Key

- 1 - Airlock
- 2 - Protective Skin Spray Chamber
- 3 - Emergency Elevator leading 10mi. underground (in case of fluorescent fallout)
- 4 - 4-foot-thick concrete poured walls (borrowed from detention center)
- 5 - 6" Radiation proof lead sheeting
- 6 - Regular living area
- 7 - Fluorescent chamber (ground zero)
- 8 - Radiation Suit compartment

Not pictured: Special mechanisms (gaudiness geiger counter, radiation-proof ferrari sunglasses)

Mr. Breen's morning routine:

At the start of the day, our friend Larry goes through a rather bizarre morning ritual. Whereas some of us will brush our teeth, comb our hair, clip our toenails or clean the lint from our belly-buttons, Larry's routine is mildly different...

After rolling out of bed, he lays out his clothes for the day on a protective lead sheet. But to get his clothes he must do this first, he goes to the radiation suit closet (no 8), gets his suit and opens the air lock. He then approaches the fluorescent chamber (no. 7). This is where our friend and mentor's clothes are kept. The air lock opens. "Whrr", says the air lock.

"Hgrfflpt pah" says Larry - he is still tired. Larry looks inside and selects his suit for the day. The air lock then closes. "Whrr" repeats the air lock.

"Slrrpt ghx" counters Larry. He walks to the bed and places them on the protective lead shielding.

Before he lets the volatile collection of fibers touch his flesh, he dons some skin protectant in the spray chamber (no. 2). He now puts his clothes on.

Because of the high intensity radiation, there is 7" of shielding around the fluorescent chamber. Around that are 4' of poured concrete. In the unfortunate event of a leak or any fallout, there is an emergency escape elevator (no 3) leading 10 miles underground to a room which contains only a bible



This is the solution to that crossword puzzle that we put elsewhere in the magazine. If you got ANY right, I'm mighty surprised. Except, perhaps, for "Lack of life causes _____" which anybody and his mother would've guessed and you probably thought we were too high-brow to stick such an obvious one in. Not so! We tend to do whatever fits, as was proven by #2 and #3 anyway. Such is life in the high-stakes world of crossword-puzzle generating (which is basically for people with upside down and someone is probably looking at you and laughing, because they think you can't read and are faking it). Chit!

LEVIIN	MOMENS
T	NO HYDROANT
T	I C G Q E
A	H A R E
A	G U S L I P S F O I N T
E	R I S H E
E	E D I T U N T I L E
C	N C G T
C	I T E E
T	T A I I
A	U A I I
E	B A G E L D U Q R E G O N S
E	V N E V
N	Q E R T H I D O R E
N	T R E E S
G	Y N G O M
G	I C E B E R G
E	I Q F E N T R A G
L	S Y R A C U S E
M	M H I T E W A S H Q
M	A R T I Z O H

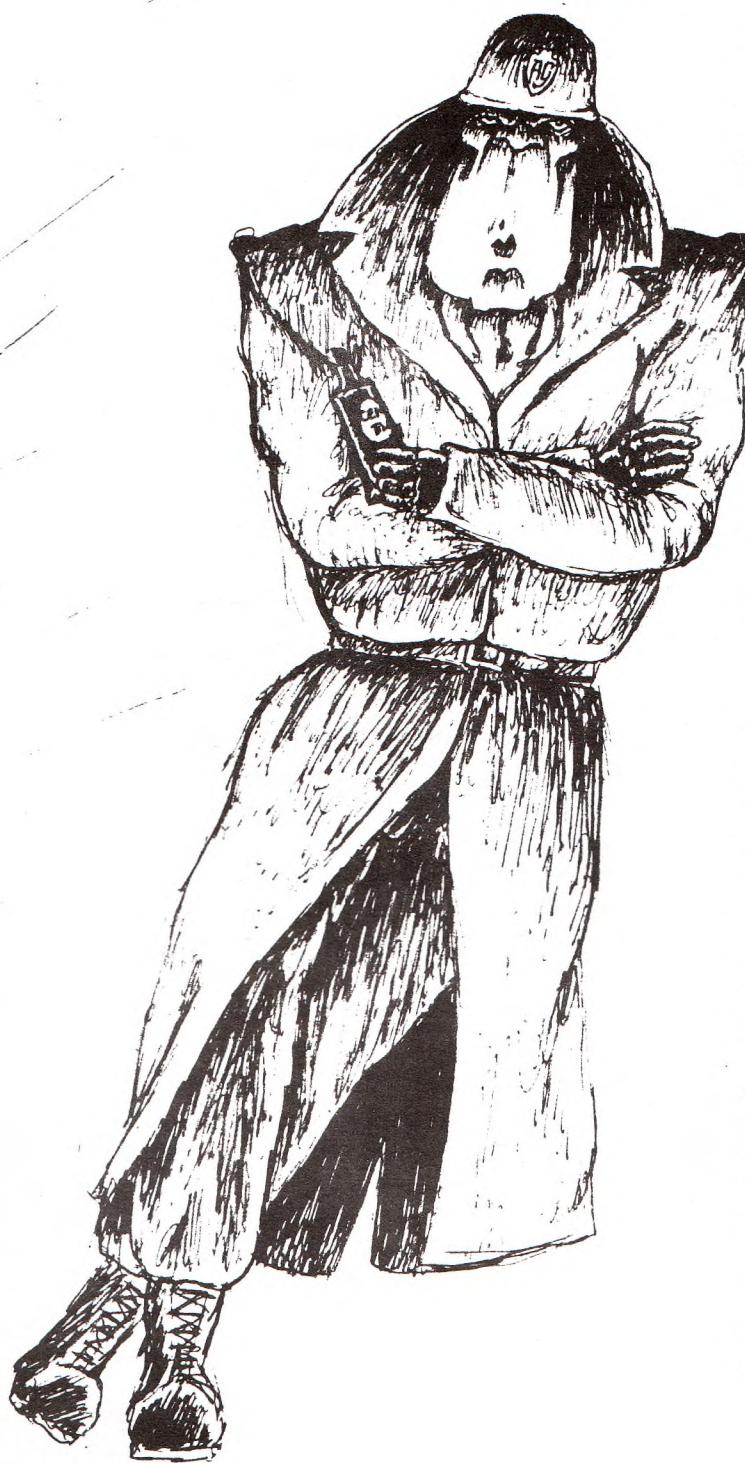
Deja Vu...that strange, inexplicable sensation like you feel you've been somewhere before.

Rof EsnesnoN (hal)

By Dan [REDACTED]

Edited

by
order of the
Attendance Gestapo



My [REDACTED] quotient is off the known scale. In [REDACTED] my numerous psycho-[REDACTED] have [REDACTED] me that [REDACTED] is very [REDACTED] out of the realm of [REDACTED] conception. Very [REDACTED] My brain, living [REDACTED] that I am smarter [REDACTED] just about anyone [REDACTED] Earth. [REDACTED] me the right [REDACTED] And criticize I [REDACTED] Did you [REDACTED] that the [REDACTED] at [REDACTED] can categorized [REDACTED] three main [REDACTED] (With [REDACTED] exclusion of [REDACTED]. They never [REDACTED] anyway.) [REDACTED], thugs, and [REDACTED] You [REDACTED] them. And, if [REDACTED] male, [REDACTED] are one [REDACTED] them. In [REDACTED] the editors of this [REDACTED] magazine all fall [REDACTED] one category. Can you [REDACTED] which?

The [REDACTED] of course, don't [REDACTED] of themselves as [REDACTED]. More or [REDACTED] they consider [REDACTED] very, very "hip". Why [REDACTED] you feel hip. [REDACTED] a haircut that slightly [REDACTED] one I once got from a blind [REDACTED] (Who, [REDACTED] the time, was [REDACTED] drunken [REDACTED] couldn't stop [REDACTED])

[REDACTED] I don't think [REDACTED] I'm pretty [REDACTED] that you haven't [REDACTED] yet. Umm ...

All [REDACTED] I sat down at a lunch [REDACTED] the other day [REDACTED] heard this real [REDACTED]: A girl says to her [REDACTED] friend. "I give the best [REDACTED] in the whole town."

"Oh [REDACTED] says who?" [REDACTED] the friend

"Says [REDACTED] father!" the first [REDACTED] HA! HA! HAHAHAHA! Don't you [REDACTED] love [REDACTED]

"Die, foul [REDACTED]!" she screamed [REDACTED]

I picked up the [REDACTED], and, like a maniac, stuck it [REDACTED]. My wife and I are into [REDACTED]

Did you find that [REDACTED]? How about the previous [REDACTED] NO? Try [REDACTED] are reading it [REDACTED]



**EDWARD J. WART, Principal
LAWRENCE E. BREEF, Ass't. Principal
JAMES V. COFFEE, Ass't. Principal**

Tel. (914) 238-3911

**HORACE GREELEY HIGH SCHOOL
70 Boaring Brook Road • Chappaqua, New York 10514**

Dear Parent:

After subjecting your child to a battery of Scholastic aptitude tests and other such academic mumbo-jumbo, we have determined that you are the progenitor of a complete waste of protien. Several of our secretaries have had many a chuckle over what type of sickly mental challenges have been placed in front of the little sap in the home environment.

It is our opinion that if your child was to suddenly cease attendance, say, because of a chemical accident or some sort of large structure snapping above him, the entire intelligence average of Horace Greeley would rise by a significant percentage.

We hereby request that you either take drastically needed steps to bring that cellophane-minded dependent of yours within the range of something resembling mediocre human intellect, or hire some drug addict to take him out at whatever time you feel would be opportune.

We appreciate your prompt reply (And if we don't get it, you lose your mailbox.)

Regards,

The Management

Let's Talk About...

SUMMERSONS

This is the
Back of
the Mag,
Fool.



We have a mailbox in the main office where you can stick any hum our you want into a safe place.

ESNESNON

WE TAKE ANYTHING
DON'T BE AFRAID

psycho blue™

Our hard-working staff is desperately putting together our publication for the student body. We want you to Laugh! We want you to play chess! We want a small child!

this is a finger pointing at you. the point? Submit to us. be involved in our creation! Have fun! Go for it!